

Ypsilanti Commercial.

VOL. 25. NO. 41.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1888.

WHOLE NO. 1289.

LOCAL.

Fifteen new students entered The Cleary Business College Monday.

The W. C. T. U. meets next Tuesday afternoon at 8 o'clock, with Mrs. Chas. Samson on Cross street.

E. M. Comstock & Co.'s fur window forms quite an attraction. The animal seen there is the lynx.

Wednesday evening, the Sons of Temperance gave a very enjoyable masquerade social and banquet to members and a few invited guests.

The ladies of the German Lutheran church will give a social at the church school house on Tuesday evening, Dec. 11. All are cordially invited.

The children of the Congregational church and Sunday school will be given a social to-morrow afternoon from four to six, at the residence of Prof. George, on Normal street.

"Typhoid and malarial fever are prevalent in and around Ypsilanti." So say several of the Detroit papers. It will, we think, be the very newest kind of news to residents of Ypsilanti.

The Ladies' Literary Club will meet next Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock, with Mrs. Edgar Rexford, Huron St. Program as follows: Edinburgh; Scott; Abbotsford; Melrose; Dryburgh; Edinburgh and Sterling.

The executive committee of the Young People's Society of the M. E. church, will give a social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Samson, corner of Cross and Perrin Sts., Tuesday Eve., Dec. 11. Refreshments will be served. Admission, 10 cents.

Rev. W. T. Beale will preach a sermon to School Teachers at the Congregational church next Sunday evening. Subject "Responsibility and Opportunity." His morning subject is "The Law and the Sabbath, or Religion in Civil Government." Seats are free and all are welcome.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Congregational church will hold a fair week after next, exact time to be announced hereafter. There will be a large stock of pretty, useful, and inexpensive things for sale, and all in search of holiday goods will find it to their interest to visit the fair.

Nelson Smith, a colored man about 34 years of age, who has been employed as a porter in and about different places in the city, stole a ride on a freight train from Ypsilanti last Thursday, and in attempting to jump off at this station was so badly injured that death ensued on Sunday.—*Courier*.

The Auxiliaries of St. Luke's church will give a social on Thursday evening, at the residence of Dr. Hueston, Huron St. The object is to send aid to the yellow fever sufferers in Florida. A cordial invitation is extended to all interested in the Society and their work. Tickets 15 cents.

The Veterans of the 24th Michigan Infantry will hold a reunion at the Antislid House in Detroit, on Thursday evening next, Dec. 13th inst., the 20th anniversary of the battle of Fredericksburg. The banquet will begin at 8:30 P. M. and will be free to every veteran member of the regiment.

The Pittsfield Ladies' Aid Society will give a parlor lecture at the residence of Wm. Jarvis, Dec. 13th, by Prof. Steere of Ann Arbor. Subject, Journey to the Philippine Islands. Admission 10 cents. Refreshments will be served after the lecture. By order of Secretary, Miss Mary Preston.

The gentlemen of the Light Guard have set apart Wednesday evening of each week as the time when members, both active and honorary, may bring their ladies to the reception rooms and indulge in an informal party for the advancement of social enjoyment. The first one was held Wednesday evening of this week, and was a success, there being about fifty present.

The Light Guards received about \$150 at their Thanksgiving party, and it makes them feel pretty good. They are getting solid comfort out of their beautiful rooms, with the elegant new fittings and furnishings. The boys believe in patronizing home dealers, therefore Comstock, Sweet, Rexford, Mack & Mack, Wallace & Clark, Stevens and several others among our merchants feel a lively interest in the company's quarters from having put fine goods into them.

Rev. T. W. Beale's address to traveling men, at the Congregational church last Sunday evening, was a practical, common-sense talk on the temptations experienced by this class of citizens, and also their opportunities for doing good. The congregation was large, many of the genus "drummer" being present, and so keen was their appreciation of Mr. Beale's remarks that at the close of the services, by common impulse, a number of them stepped forward to shake hands with him and express their pleasure at being able to hear his discourse on the subject.

New goods, medium prices, large variety, are what keeps the Bazarette so busy.

The next number in the Normal Lecture course is a lecture by Herr von Finckelstein on City Life in Jerusalem. Admission 50 cents. Tickets on sale at Samson's.

Mr. D. P. Sullivan read a paper at the Prospect Chautauqua Circle on Monday night, on "How Paper is made at the Lowell Mill." The paper stated in conclusion, after an entertaining account of the process, that the mills possessed facilities whereby a tree could be cut early in the morning, run through the pulp mill at Geddes, sent down to Lowell, made into paper, shipped to Detroit, printed and come out on the five o'clock train as the Evening News. All accomplished within twelve hours.

A Level-Headed, Kind-Hearted Gentleman. William Sexton, of Livingston county, has sent six of his sons and nephews to the Cleary Business College of Ypsilanti, and given each of them \$100 with which to pay running expenses. At last accounts he was trying to coax another young fellow to be served the same way.—*Detroit Journal*.

A Distressing Accident. Tuesday afternoon as Miss Mildred Murray was returning to her home from the Normal, the carriage she was driving was run into at the corner of Huron St. and Forest Ave., by two young men on horseback, who were racing. The carriage was tipped over and the occupant thrown to the ground, dislocating her shoulder, and otherwise injuring her. She was attended by Dr. Post, and is now, we are pleased to say, recovering as rapidly as could be expected.

We are Thankful That we had turkey. That we had something to be thankful for.

That if we didn't, somebody else surely had.

That democrats had an opportunity to vote.

That guesses on the beans come in rapidly.

That it is two long years before another election.

That Cleveland will be President three months more.

That the turkey crop has been kept full by the farmers.

That we have been promised some wood on subscription.

That the war between "Turkey and Greece" is once more over.

That if the reader hasn't already paid his subscription for '89, the look upon his face tells us he will.

Deaths.

Mrs. Dr. Batwell died at her home in this city Saturday night after an illness of several weeks. She was a lady dearly beloved by all who knew her, and her death is sincerely mourned. Two young children, one of them a babe, are left to the bereaved husband's care. The funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Mr. Woodruff officiating. The Cornwell Fire Company attended in a body, and the following is from them: We, members of the Cornwell Fire Company of Ypsilanti, do tender our most sincere and heartfelt sympathies to our brother and chief, Dr. E. Batwell, in his heavy bereavement in the loss of his beloved companion.

By order of committee, P. W. CARPENTER, Sec.

Mr. Wm. Hall, formerly a resident of this city, but who for more than a year past has made his home elsewhere, died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. M. R. Schaffer, in Detroit, on Sunday last, aged 77 years. The remains were brought here Tuesday, and interred in Highland cemetery. Mr. Hall was a man who enjoyed the respect and esteem of all who knew him.

Christmas boxes free to our customers. Bee Hive.

Call and see what we offer our customers free from now until Christmas.

The newest things in birth-cards at this office. Let your great joy be known.

Mantles, Dolmans, Denmarks, in any style. Mrs. Emerson, Mormon Block.

FOR SALE.—A good five year old carriage horse. Enquire at A. H. Smith's grocery.

Wedding and party dresses stylishly made. Mrs. Emerson, Mormon Block.

Perfect fitting dresses made in any style by Mrs. Emerson, Mormon Block, upstairs.

Call on J. D. Cook, the barber, at his new shop on Congress street. Next door to Banghart's Meat Market.

NORMAL STUDENTS will find it to their interest to buy their wood and coal at Samson's wood yard on Cross street.

Call at 27, Congress street, for all kinds of Sewing Machine Needles, repairs, and oil. White Sewing Machine Co.

Ladies call and see the "Standard" Sewing Machine. Don't buy any other until you see the "Standard." Big bobbin, non-clogging, the swiftest, simplest, best machine in the world. Office on Washington street, near Main. Price organs and pianos.

Alvin Willey, Willard Stanley, Proprietors, Salesmen.

Don't Wait.

You'd better not wait till the crowds gather thick and fast in the Bazarette and then expect to find "that article you were looking at," "cause it won't be there. That's what you did last year, and it made you shed tears. Procrastination is the thief of all good bargains: now is the time to make your selections at the Bazarette.

Our Wee Ones.

During the past weeks our city has welcomed several precious little newcomers from the "Beautiful Land of Nowhere."

"Out from the shore of the great unknown, Blind, and wailing, and alone, Into the light of day.— Out from the shore of the unknown sea, Tossing in pitiful agony.— Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls, Sealed with the bars of little souls—arks that were launched on the other side, And slipped from Heaven on an ebbing tide!"

First came baby Helen Hunter, to gladden the home of Prof. and Mrs. F. H. Pease. Then Mr. and Mrs. Max Pease brought their little four-weeks-old Josephine Dolson from Oscoda to spend the winter at home among her admiring relatives. About ten days ago, a dainty little girl ventured into the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Cole, and they decided to keep her. Since then she has developed so many wonderful qualities that they haven't been able to find a name good enough for her. Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Vroman have also a new little one, and as usual with babies, "it's the very nicest one in all the world." About eighteen years from last Sunday, little Genevieve Campau will hold a birthday party at the home of her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scovill, in honor of her arrival at the age of discretion. Papa and Mamma Scovill are so proud even now that the town is hardly large enough to hold them.

Five darling little babies, all to be snuggled by colic and wet by tears. Punctured by pins and tortured by fears, till they get beyond the trying period of babyhood and enter the bounds of childhood, with its school books and play and endless running of errands for the grown-up children.

Married.

Married, Tuesday, Dec. 4, 1888, at the Ann Arbor Baptist parsonage, by the Rev. Mr. Carman, Miss Clara Dimick to Mr. William Breining, both of this city.

In the evening a large number of the W. R. C., of which the bride was a member, together with a strong body guard of G. A. R., met at the residence of L. E. Bissell, and proceeded in a body to Mr. Dimick's, taking the happy couple completely by surprise. After congratulations the guests returned to Mr. Bissell's where a delightful evening was spent. During the evening elegant refreshments were served, which had been prepared by the ladies. Among the presents were a beautiful silver cake basket, a pickle castor and napkin rings from the W. R. C., a complete set of glass from Mr. and Mrs. J. Chapman, and a set of damask towels from Mrs. Meawell. At midnight the guests departed for their homes, satisfied that Mr. and Mrs. Bissell are perfect in the art of entertaining, and Mr. and Mrs. Breining the happiest couple in Ypsilanti.

At the residence of the bride's parents in this place, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 28th, 1888, by Rev. R. L. Hewson, Mr. R. C. Begole, of Pittsfield, and Miss Mamie Smith. The presents were many and costly. A large gathering was present to witness the ceremony. The happy couple left on the train the next morning for Detroit. A number of guests were present from Detroit and Ypsilanti.—*Belle Isle Enterprise*.

Married, in Ypsilanti, on the 18th inst., Wm. Slesford, of Brighton, and Miss Eva Francisco, of Ypsilanti. Mr. and Mrs. Slesford returned to their pleasant Brighton home the day following. Here's wishing the happy couple a long and prosperous life.—*Brighton Citizen*.

The Detroit Floral Exhibition.

A floral exhibition on a large scale is being organized by the Detroit Journal for the benefit of the various Detroit charities. It will be held next April, in the Detroit Rink, which, by the way, is located on the site of the 1883 Art Loan. Each of the charities has appointed a representative to co-operate, and all the florists have signed an agreement to co-operate. It promises to be an affair of great interest, and for a most worthy object. The entire proceeds is to go to charity.

If you want a watch go to Hough's. Linen Damask sets—a fine line at Lamb, Davis & Kishlar's.

An imported grass basket worth \$1.00 for 47c. Bee Hive.

The best cup of coffee you ever drank made from Bradley's 25c coffee.

For artistic dreammaking try Mrs. Emerson, corner Huron and Congress Sts.

The oysters F. A. Oberst is receiving daily are the best. Try a can and be convinced.

Call and see the elegant new samples of Wedding stationery at this office. The very latest things out.

The A. J. Johnson French Kid vamp ladies shoe at \$3.00 would be good value at \$4.00. Bee Hive.

Call at Lamb, Davis & Kishlar's and see their line of handkerchiefs bought especially for the holiday trade.

It is a positive fact that you will find double the assortment of Holiday Goods at Hough's than at any other place in the city.

All messages left at the Bazarette for Santa Claus, will be left right in his way where he'll surely see 'em, and no doubt send just what every child wishes.

Woman Wanted.

Will pay a respectable middle aged woman reasonable wages and provide good home. Duties light, apply at residence South West corner Hamilton & Ellis Sts. City.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Walter Pack returned from Chicago, Saturday.

Mrs. Pruden of Lansing is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. J. H. R. McVicar.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Vall, of Detroit, made a brief visit with relatives here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Perkins returned from their extended Western trip Tuesday night.

Miss Dell Hanford of Cleveland is visiting her friend Miss Clara Goodspeed in this city.

Miss Kittle Cross, leaves this afternoon to visit her sister, Mrs. Wm. Smith, of Chicago.

Mrs. W. L. Marquardt of Emmetburg, Iowa, is visiting her parents; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Stegmund.

Miss Stella Wyatt left for Detroit Monday morning for the purpose of entering Mrs. Noble's school of oratory.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bradley and two little ones, of Jackson, spent last Sabbath here with Mr. Bradley's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Renshaw and master Bennie, of Detroit, returned home Monday after a few days visit in this city.

Mr. Adelbert Goodspeed was summoned to his home here, this week, on account of the severe illness of one of his sons.

Mrs. Prof. George suffered last week from a severe attack of intercostal neuralgia, but we are glad now to note her convalescence.

Mr. Thomas Odin, who has been in business at Sturgis, Mich., for some time past, is again in Ypsilanti, probably to settle permanently.

Miss Rena Graham, graduate in stenography from the Business College, left Wednesday for Chicago, where she has a first class position with a leading lawyer.

Mr. Charlie Hagererty leaves next Sunday evening for Orange, Texas, where he has a position with the Traffic Ass'n. He will remain all winter and probably longer.

Col. Bowen has been appointed postal clerk on the route between Ypsilanti and Hillsdale, vice C. G. Underhill, resigned. The Col. entered upon his duties last Monday.

Miss Adams of Detroit, State President of the Woman's Auxiliary, yesterday addressed the Parish Aid of St. Luke's Missionary work. Miss Adams was entertained at Mr. Sill's.

It is rumored that Mr. H. P. Glover has purchased a fine residence in Detroit. Can it be that Ypsilanti is to lose him from among her citizens? We trust not, as she can ill spare him from the number of her enterprising men.

Miss Bertha Slocum, a well remembered Normalite of '86 was married last week to Mr. Chas. Babcock, a popular photographer of Holly, which place will be their future home. We join with other friends of the bride here in wishing them a happy life.

Mr. Fred Moore, of Charlotte, traveling salesman for a Coldwater firm, wholesale dealers in school supplies and novelties, spent Wednesday in the city, combining pleasure with business by calling on a number of old friends who happen to be here just now.

Word comes from St. Louis, Mo., that Rev. G. H. Grannis, formerly pastor of the Congregational church here, now pastor of a similar church there, has this week left the ranks of single blessedness and become a Benedict. We extend congratulations and best wishes.

Mr. Nelson has been promoted from the ticket accountants' office of the M. C. R. R. at Detroit to the general office at Chicago with a very pleasant increase of salary. Mr. Nelson, by his straightforward, manly, christian character and by his kindly social qualities has made for himself a very large circle of friends in our city. We speak for all these when we congratulate him on his success and regret his departure.

From Our Church Work, the paper published by the First Baptist Society of Ypsilanti, we clip the following which will be of interest to the many old friends of Prof. Geo. B. Hodge and wife:

From Le Sueur, Minn., comes the good news of a revival in the Baptist Church and the formation of a Young People's Society. As Sup't. G. B. Hodge, and his "guide wife" have been absent less than a year from our society, where they have done so much, does any one wonder that the new Society is started? All success to the new organization.

Buy your albums at Hough's. Blankets \$1.00 pair. Comfortables 75c each. Bee Hive.

You are always welcome at Hough's, 25 Huron street.

Sewing machines of any kind repaired at 27, Congress street.

The Golden Gate Special.

The Union and Central Pacific roads, and Pullman Company, put on, December 5, a weekly train of Pullman Vestibule Cars to run between Council Bluffs and San Francisco, steam heat, electric light, separate bath rooms for ladies and gentlemen, barber shop, observation and smoking rooms, and a female attendant for ladies and children make it "The finest train in the world."

Fare between Council Bluffs and San Francisco, including everything—Ticket, berth, and meals—will be \$100.00.

TYCOON TEA HOUSE!
Have just received a fresh supply of
ONEIDA MINCE MEAT.
Ta Ka Kake
Griddle Cakes are fine.
Try Oneida Stewed Pumpkin.
HARRIS BROS. & CO.

FURS, MUFFS, BOAS.

We have the largest stock and the best assortment of Furs in the city and are selling them very cheap.

Doll's Muffs and Boas 25c per set.
Children's Muffs, 10c and up.
Ladies' Muffs, 39c and up.
Ladies' Muffs and Boas \$3.00 to \$13.00 per set.

Come and see them before they are all gone for they are going fast.

E. M. COMSTOCK & CO.

—Look to your interest and buy—
WOOD and COAL!
Where you will get SOUND WOOD, FULL MEASURE, and a BUNCH OF LISTING with every half cord of wood at
SAMSON'S WOOD YARD.
Only One Block East of the Normal.
ON CROSS ST.

NATURAL SHAPE. FOOT FORM.
\$5.00 Hand Sewed Shoes.
Ladies' or Gents' all styles, all weights.
New Shoes that don't hurt.
Great Fitters.
Remember.
Hand Sewed. \$5.00.
Great Value.
GOODSPEED'S,
8 Congress St.,
THE PLACE TO HAVE SHOES REPAIRED.

Farms for Sale.
Those wishing to buy farms cheap, come soon and see
— J. I. VAN KEUREN, —
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
HOWELL, MICH.
There is no better country for raising wheat, sheep, and beans, and general farming, than Livingston Co., especially in the vicinity of Howell. Read this list of farms for sale.
Three 200 acre Farms.
Two 160 acre Farms.
Two 120 acre Farms.
Five 100 acre Farms.
Two 60 acre Farms.
Three 40 acre Farms.
All first-class farms and within a convenient distance of Howell. There is a very fine 100 acre farm lying near the Howell railroad junction, which offers many inducements to a purchaser.
J. I. VAN KEUREN,
Real Estate Agent,
Office in Angel Block, Howell, Mich.
Fine village property in the village of Howell, also.

The Mystery of a Hansom Cab

By FERGUS W. HUME



CHAPTER XX.

THE ARGUMENT GIVES ITS OPINION.

The morning after the trial was concluded the following article in reference to the matter appeared in The Argus:

"During the past three months we have frequently in our columns commented on the extraordinary case which is now so widely known as 'The Hansom Cab Tragedy.' We can safely say that it is the most remarkable case which has ever come under the notice of our criminal court, and the verdict given by the jury yesterday has enveloped the matter in a still deeper mystery. By a train of strange coincidences, Mr. Brian Fitzgerald, a young squatter, was suspected of having murdered Whyte, and had it not been for the timely appearance of the woman Rawlins, who turned up at the eleventh hour, we feel sure that a verdict of guilty would have been given, and an innocent man would have suffered punishment for the crime of another. Fortunately for the prisoner, and for the interests of justice, his counsel, Mr. Calton, by unwearied diligence, was able to discover the last witness and prove an alibi. Had it not been for this, in spite of the remarks made by the learned counsel in his brilliant speech yesterday, which resulted in the acquittal of the prisoner, we question very much if the rest of the evidence in favor of the accused would have been sufficient to persuade the jury that he was an innocent man. The only points in favor of Mr. Fitzgerald were the inability of the cabman Royston to swear to him as the man who got into the cab with Whyte, the wearing of a diamond ring on the forefinger of the right hand (whereas Mr. Fitzgerald wears no rings), and the difference in time sworn to by the cabman Rankin and the landlady. Against these points, however, the prosecution placed a mass of evidence, which seemed to conclusively prove the guilt of the prisoner; but the appearance of Sal Rawlins in the witness box put an end to all doubt. In language that could not be mistaken for anything else than the truth, she positively swore that Mr. Fitzgerald was in one of the slums off Bourke street between the hours of 1 and 2 on Friday morning, at which time the murder was committed. Under these circumstances, the jury unanimously agreed in the verdict, 'Not guilty,' and the prisoner was forthwith acquitted. We have to congratulate his counsel, Mr. Calton, for the able speech he made for the defense, and also Mr. Fitzgerald, for his providential escape from a dishonorable and undeserved punishment. He leaves the court without a stain on his character, and with the respect and sympathy of all Australians, for the courage and dignity with which he comported himself throughout, while resting under the shadow of such a serious charge.

"But now that it has been conclusively proved that he is innocent, the question arises in every one's mind, 'Who is the murderer of Oliver Whyte?' The man who committed this dastardly crime is still at large, and, for all we know, may be in our midst.

"There seems to be no possible clew discoverable at present which can lead to the discovery of the real murderer. The man in the light coat who got out of Rankin's cab at Powell street, East Melbourne (designated, as it now appears, in order to throw suspicion on Fitzgerald), has vanished as completely as the wraiths in 'Macbeth,' and left no trace behind. It was 2 o'clock in the morning when he left the cab, and, in a quiet suburb like East Melbourne, no one would be about, so that he could easily escape unseen. There seems to be only one chance of ever tracing him, and that is to be found in the papers which were stolen from the pockets of the dead man. What they were, only two persons know, and one knows now. The first two were Whyte and the woman who was called 'The Queen,' and both of them are now dead. The other who knows now is the man who committed the crime. There can be no doubt in the minds of our readers that these papers were the motive of the crime, as no money was taken from the pockets of the deceased. The fact, also, that the papers were carried in a pocket made inside the waistcoat of the deceased shows that they were of value.

"Now, the reason we think that the dead woman knew of the existence of those papers is simply this: It appears that she came out from England with Whyte as his mistress, and after staying some time in Sydney came on to Melbourne. How she came into such a foul and squalid den as that she died in, we are unable to say, unless, seeing that she was given to drink, she was taken up drunk by some Samaritan of the slums, and carried to Mrs. Rawlins' humble abode. Whyte visited her there frequently, but appears to have made no attempt to remove her to a better place, alleging, as his reason, that the doctor said she would die if taken into the air. Our reporter learned from one of the detectives that the dead woman was in the habit of talking to Whyte about certain papers, and on one occasion was overheard to say to him: 'I'll make your fortune if you play your cards well.' This was told to the detective by the woman Rawlins, to whose providential appearance Mr. Fitzgerald owes his escape. From this it can be gathered that the papers—whatever they might be—were of value, and sufficient to tempt another to commit a murder in order to obtain them. Whyte, therefore, being dead, and his murderer escaped, the only way of discovering the secret which lies at the root of this true of crime is to find out the history of the woman who died in the slum. Traced back for some years, circumstances may be discovered which will reveal what those papers contained, and once that is found, we can confidently say that the murderer will soon be discovered. This is the only chance of finding out the cause and the author of this mysterious murder; and if it fails, we fear the hansom cab tragedy will have to be relegated to the list of those undiscovered crimes, and the assassin of Whyte will have no other punishment than the remorse of his own conscience."

CHAPTER XXI.

THREE MONTHS AFTERWARD.

A hot December day, with a cloudless blue sky and a sun blazing down on the earth, clothed in all the beauty of summer garments. Such a description of snowy December must sound strange to English ears, and a hot Christmas day must strike them as being as fantastic as the play in a 'Midsummer Night's Dream' did to Demetrius, when he remarked of it: 'This is not so, and would do cold fire.' But here in Australia is the realm of topsy turvydom, and many things, like flowers, grow by contraries.

The Fretilly house, of Yabba Yallock station, was a long low house, with no up-stairs, and with a wide veranda running nearly round it. Cool green blinds were hung between the pillars to keep out the sun, and all along were scattered lounging chairs of basket work, with rugs, novels, empty soda bottles and all the other evidences that Mr. Fretilly's guests had been wise and stayed inside during the noonday heat. Madge was seated in one of these comfortable chairs, and divided her attention between the glowing beauty of the world outside, which she could see through a narrow slit in the blind, and a new novel from Mullen's lying open on her knee. She was not looking well, for the trial through which she had passed had been very great and had left its impress of sorrow on her beautiful face. In her eyes, too, usually so calm, there was a troubled look, as, leaning her head upon her hands, she thought of the bitterness of the past year.

After the acquittal of the murderer of Oliver Whyte she had been taken by her father up to the station, in the hope that it would restore her to health. The mental strain which had been on her during the trial had nearly brought on an attack of brain fever, but here, far from the excitement of town life, in the quiet seclusion of the country, she had recovered her health, but not her spirits. Women are more impressionable than men, and it is perhaps for this reason that they age quicker. A trouble which would pass lightly over a man leaves an indelible mark on a woman, both physically and mentally, and the terrible episode of Whyte's murder had changed Madge from a bright and merry girl into a grave and beautiful woman. And Brian, he also had undergone a change, for there were a few white hairs now amid his curly, chestnut locks, and his character, from being gay and bright, had become moody and irritable. After the trial he had left town immediately, in order to avoid meeting with his friends, and had gone up to his station, which was next to that of the Fretillys. There he worked hard all day, and smoked hard all night, thinking over the cursed secret which the dead woman had told him, and which threatened to overshadow his life. Every now and then he rode over and saw Madge, but only when he knew her father was away in Melbourne, for he seemed to have taken a dislike to the millionaire, which Madge could not help condemning as unjust, remembering how her father had stood beside him in his trouble. But there was another reason why Brian kept aloof from Yabba Yallock station, and that was he did not wish to meet any of the gay society which was there, knowing that since his trial he was an object of curiosity and sympathy to every one—a position which was very galling to his proud nature. At Christmas time Mr. Fretilly had asked a lot of people up from Melbourne, and though Madge would rather have been left alone, yet she could not refuse her father, and had to play hostess with a smiling brow and aching heart. Felix Rolleston, who a month since joined the noble army of benefactors, was there with Mrs. Rolleston, who ruled him with a rod of iron. Having bought Felix with her money, she had determined to make good use of him, and, being ambitious to shine in Melbourne society, had insisted upon Felix studying politics, so that when the next general election came around he could enter parliament. Felix had rebelled at first, but ultimately gave way, as he found that when he had a good novel concealed among his parliamentary papers time passed quite pleasantly, and he got the reputation of a hard worker at little cost. They had brought up Julia, Mrs. Rolleston's sister, with them, and this young person had made up her mind to become the second Mrs. Fretilly. She had not received much encouragement, but, like the English at Waterloo, did not know when she was beaten, and carried on the siege of Mr. Fretilly's heart in an undaunted manner. Dr. Clouston had come up for a little relaxation, and never gave a thought to his anxious patients or the many sick rooms he was in the habit of visiting.

A young English fellow, called Peterson, who amused himself by traveling; an old colonist, full of reminiscences of the olden days, when, 'by God, sir, we hadn't a gas lamp in the whole of Melbourne,' and several other people completed the party. They had all gone off to the billiard room, and left Madge in her comfortable chair, half asleep.

Suddenly, she started as she heard a step behind her, and turning, saw Sal Rawlins, in the nearest of black gowns, with a coquettish white cap and apron, and an open book. The fact is, Madge had been so delighted with Sal for saving Brian's life that she had taken her into her service as maid. Mr. Fretilly had offered strong opposition at first that a fallen woman like Sal should be near his daughter; but Madge determined to rescue the unhappy girl from the life of sin she was leading, and so at last he reluctantly consented. Brian, too, had objected, but ultimately yielded, as he saw that Madge had set her heart on it. Mother Gutteridge objected at first, characterizing the whole affair as 'blasted unliving,' but she, likewise, gave in, and Sal became maid to Miss Fretilly, who immediately set to work to remedy Sal's defective education by teaching her to read. The book she held in her hand was a spelling book, and this she handed to Madge.

"I think I know it now, miss," Sal said, respectfully, as Madge looked up with a smile.

"Do you, indeed?" said Madge, gayly.

"You will be able to read in no time, Sal."

"Read this," said Sal, touching 'Tristan: A Romance, by Zoe.'

"Hardly," said Madge, picking it up with a look of contempt. "I want you to learn English, and not a confusion of tongues like this thing. But it's too hot to do lessons, Sal," she went on, leaning back in her seat, "so get a chair and talk to me."

Sal complied, and Madge looked out on the brilliant flower beds, and at the black shadow of the tall willow which grew on one side of the lawn. She wanted to ask a certain question of Sal, and did not know how to do it. The meekness and irritability of Brian had troubled her very much of late, and, with the quick instinct of her sex, she ascribed it indirectly to the woman who had died in the back slum. Anxious to share his troubles and lighten his burden, she determined to ask Sal about this mysterious woman, and find out, if possible, what secret had been told to Brian, which affected him so deeply.

"Sal," she said, after a short pause, turning her clear gray eyes on the woman, "I want to ask you something."

The other shivered and turned pale.

"About—that?"

Madge nodded.

She hesitated for a moment, and then flung herself at the feet of her mistress.

"I will tell you," she cried. "You have been kind to me, and have a right to know. I will tell you all I know."

"Then," asked Madge, firmly, as she clasped her hands tightly together, "who was this woman whom Mr. Fitzgerald went to see, and where did she come from?"

"Gran" an' me found her one evenin' in 'Little Bourke' street," answered Sal, "just near the theatre. She was quite drunk an' we took her home with us."

"How kind of you," said Madge.

"Oh, it wasn't that," replied the other dryly. "Gran" wanted her clothes; she was awful swell dressed."

"And she took the clothes—how wicked!"

"Any one would have done it down our way," answered Sal, indifferently. "But Gran" changed her mind when she got her home. I went out to get some gin for Gran", and when I came back she was huggin' and kissin' the woman."

"She recognized her?"

"Yes, I s'pose so," replied Sal, "an' next mornin', when the lady got square, she made a grab at Gran", an' bawled out, 'I was comin' to see you.'"

"And then?"

"Gran" chucked me out of the room, an' they had a long jaw; and then, when I come back, Gran" tells me the lady is a-goin' to stay with us 'cause she was ill, and sent me for Mr. Whyte."

"And he came?"

"Oh, yes—often," said Sal. "He kicked up a row when he first turned up, but when he found she was ill, sent a doctor; but it wasn't no good. She was two weeks with us, and then died the mornin' she saw Mr. Fitzgerald."

"I suppose Mr. Whyte was in the habit of talking to this woman?"

"Lots," returned Sal; "but he always turned Gran" an' I out of the room afore he started."

"And"—hesitating—"did you ever overhear one of these conversations?"

"Yes—one," answered the other, with a nod. "I got riled at the way he cleared us out of our room; and once, when he shut the door and Gran" went off to get some gin, I sat down at the door and listened. He wanted her to give up some papers, and she wouldn't. She said she'd die first. But at last he got 'em, and took 'em away with him."

"Did you see them?" asked Madge, as the assertion of Gran" that Whyte had been murdered for certain papers flashed across her mind.

"Rather," said Sal; "I was looking through a hole in the door, an' she takes 'em from under her pillow, an' takes 'em to a table, where the candle was, an' looks at 'em—they were in a large blue envelope, with writing on it in red ink—then he puts 'em in his pocket, and she sings out: 'You'll lose 'em, an' I s'ays: 'No, I'll always have 'em with me, an' if he wants 'em I'll have to kill me first afore he gets 'em.'"

"And you did not know who the man was to whom the papers were of such importance?"

"No, I didn't; they never said no names."

"And when was it Whyte got the papers?"

"About a week before he was murdered," said Sal after a moment's thought. "An' after that he never turned up again. Shb kept watching for him night an' day, an' 'cause he didn't come got mad at him. I hear her sayin', 'You think you're done with me, my gentleman, an' leaves me here to die, but I'll spoil your little game, an' then she wrote that letter to Mr. Fitzgerald and I brought him to her, as you know.'"

"Yes, yes," said Madge, rather impatiently. "I heard all that at the trial, but what conversation passed between Mr. Fitzgerald and this woman? Did you hear it?"

"Bits of it," replied the other. "I didn't split in court, 'cause I thought the lawyer would be down on me for listenin'. The first thing I heard Mr. Fitzgerald sayin' was, 'You're mad—it ain't true, an' she says, 'Help me God, it is: Whyte's got the proof, an' she sings out, 'My poor girl, an' she says, 'Will you marry me now?' and she says, 'I love her more than ever, an' then she makes a grab at him, and says, 'Spile his game if you can,' and she says, 'What's yer name?' an' she says—"

"What?" asked Madge, breathlessly.

"Josanna Moore!"

There was a sharp exclamation as Sal said the name, and turning around quickly Madge found Brian standing beside her, pale as death, with his eyes fixed on the woman, who had risen to her feet.

"Go on!" he said sharply.

"That's all I know," she replied in a sullen tone.

"Brian gave a sigh of relief.

"You can go," he said, slowly; "I wish to speak with Mrs. Fretilly alone."

Sal looked at him for a moment, and then glanced at her mistress, who nodded to her as a sign that she might withdraw. She picked up her book, and with another sharp inquiring look at Brian, turned and walked slowly into the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A QUIET LITTLE WEDDING.

During the Ceremony the Groom Put His Quid in His Pocket.

A quiet little wedding, in which Judge Stubbs of America, figured as the celebrant, is thus described by a local paper: About 10 o'clock the sable candidates for nuptial felicity, the bride and groom, entered the room, each one holding with a death-like grip the hand of the other.

The blushing bride was a widow of perhaps forty hard winters, while the gray hairs of the trembling groom bore evidence of the fact that he had gathered daisies and watermelons and malaria for well nigh the allotted three score years and ten.

They braced up as they approached the august dignitary who was to weld the link that was to bind them together for weal or for woe. The frolicsome youth aimed a stream of tobacco juice with unerring precision at an overworked spittoon near the table, while the coy damsel briefly stated the nature of the business before the house.

The judge arose with his accustomed dignity, at which the groom, who was intently watching a dog fight in the street outside, slipped his quid of tobacco from his mouth into his vest pocket and grabbed spasmodically at the hand of his betrothed, which he had unintentionally let go.

The judge then made his little oration, which he seemed to know by heart, and in a few well chosen remarks pronounced the pair coupled as desired. The happy benedict at once began masticating his tobacco again, when suddenly remembering that something had been left undone he grabbed the wife of his loom in his sneaky arms and planted a resounding smack square upon the bride's eye under her nose.

With the calm, steady efficiency of a delinquent newspaper scribbler he stood the judge off for the accustomed fee, after which with his strong right arm clasped about the drooping form of his bride, they made their way out to the street, followed by the lone reporter and the colored junior, the only witnesses of the happy occasion.

HEAVY LOADS.

Enormous Barrels that are Put Behind a Team of City Horses.

An old Chicago teamster, in talking about teaming in an early day, said they used to put enormous loads on the team, then, considering the fact that there was no pavement, and that often the wheels would sink almost to the hub in the mud. Said he:

"We often loaded on twenty barrels of

park and unaided it from freightport to the South Side. The weight of such a load would not fall short of three tons. There is something remarkable about the wonderment of the average farmer when he hears of a load that weighs three tons. A farmer tests his horses at every fence corner when he has a ton for a load and expects the wagon to break down with every jolt. To tell him that we draw four and five tons weight up steep inclines with one span of horses seems an incredible yarn, and he shakes his head, saying it cannot be done. The whole secret of the matter lies in the skill of the drivers and the training of the horses. A farmer does not know how to draw a load, and the farmer who has been driving horses all his life does not understand how to make them pull to advantage. For this reason he is surprised to hear of a team drawing five tons and would scarcely believe his own eyes."

KILLED HIS MAN.

How a Union Soldier Settled a Brave Confederate.

Some of the stories told by the old veterans are more laughable than pathetic, and the following are of that class:

"One day," said Gen. Gresham, "I met an old soldier who had been wounded in the face, and when I asked him in what battle he had been injured he said:

"I got it the first day at Shiloh, sir."

"But how could you get hit in the face at Shiloh?" I asked.

"Well, sir," he said, half apologetically, "after I had run a mile or two I got careless and look'd back."

"This story reminds me of how one Ell-worth's fire zouaves killed the first confederate. He said that he marched out to the battle of Bull Run, and when about half way there he met a Johnny Lee in ambush."

"What did you do then?" I asked.

"Well, sir," he answered, "I drew out my revolver and he drew out his bowie knife and then I took the lead from the start and kept it clear into Washington, and—"

"But how did you kill the man?" I asked.

"Run him to death, sir," was the reply."

Try Sunshine.

Sleepless people, and there are many in America, should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum, and the very best sunshine. Therefore it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours as possible in the sun. Many women are martyrs, and yet they do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and their hearts, they wear veils, they carry parasols, they do all possible to keep off the subtlest and yet most potent influence which is extended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. Is it not time to change this, and so get color and roses in their pale cheeks, strength in their weak backs and courage in their timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate, they may be blooming and strong, and the sunshine will be a potent influence in this transformation.

A Snow-White Mocking Bird.

Henry Chubb, of Burlington, Iowa, has a curiosity in the shape of a mockingbird that has changed its color from a dark gray to a pure white. The bird was brought from Texas about a year ago. He has always been a vigorous fellow and is a remarkably fine singer. A little less than a month ago he began to shed his feathers and turned gradually from a very dark gray to a snow white. His bill, which was black, is now as white as marble. He still seems vigorous.

Diamond Found in Marble.

David Wingrove, a marble worker of Baltimore, not long since found a valuable diamond imbedded in a block of Italian marble, and had the gem set without cutting in a heavy gold ring. Lapidaries said that though such finds are unusual, this is by no means the first on record.

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THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

Sometimes when the day is ended
And its round of duty done,
I watch at the western windows
The gleam of the setting sun
When my heart has been unquiet
And its longings unbeguiled
By the day's restless hum
And cannot be reconciled
I look on the slope of the mountains
And o'er the restless sea,
And I think of the beautiful city
That lieth not far from me—
And my spirit is hushed in a moment
And the twilight falls tender and sweet,
And I cry, in my fancy, the river,
And I kneel at the Master's feet.
And I rest in the shade that there falleth
From the trees that with healing are rife—
That shadow the banks of the river—
The river of water of life.
And sometime, when daylight is ended,
And the duties I gave me are done,
I shall watch at life's western windows
The gleam of its setting sun.
I shall fall asleep in the twilight
As I never have slept before.
To dream of the beautiful city
Till I awaken to sleep no more.
There will fall on my restless spirit
A hush, oh, so wondrously sweet,
And I shall cry o'er the river
To rest at the Master's feet.

Is a Conductor a Doctor?
"I beg pardon, sir," said the lady passenger to the surly conductor, "but are you a physician?"
"A physician?"
"Yes; it is the business of a doctor to treat people ill."
And the conductor scowled malevolently and walked away, with never a word more. He even forgot to shout: "Tickets, please," as he entered the next car.

How He Must Be Taught.
Mr. Isaacstein (to school teacher)—How was that little Jacob getting on with arithmetic?
School teacher—He is doing nicely, Mr. Isaacstein. He is in percentage now.
Mr. Isaacstein—Was dot so? Well, don't you teach dot poy noddings less than you hundred per cent. He was too young yet to study very hard.

She Is Well Provided For.
The Empress Victoria seems to have been handsomely provided for. Frederick's private fortune was \$750,000, invested in English funds. In addition to this she has a maintenance and five palaces, all the expenses of which will be borne by the State. The Berlin palace, which she has occupied since her marriage, will be her town residence. In addition she has the Villa Carlotta at Stresa, a Schloss at Wiesbaden, an old castle at Homburg, and the Castle of Bornstadt. She is now busy preparing for a monument of the late Emperor. It will be an exact copy of the Church of the Holy Grave at Eisenstein, near Talsbach. It is peculiar in its architecture, and is admired by all visitors to the Puster Valley. It was a great favorite with Frederick, and two architects are now making plans of it for reproduction about the grave at Friedenskirche.

He Wanted Perfect Quiet.
A nervous-looking man went into a store the other day and sat down for half an hour or so, when a clerk asked him if he could do anything for him. He said no, he didn't want anything. She went away and he sat there for half an hour longer, when the proprietor went to him and asked him if he wanted to be shown anything. "No," said the nervous man. "I just want to sit around. My physician has recommended perfect quiet for me, and he said above all things I should avoid being in crowds. Noticing that you did not advertise in the newspapers I thought that this would be as quiet a place as I could find, so I just dropped in for a few hours' isolation. The merchant picked up a bolt of paper cambric to brain him, but the man went out. He said all he wanted was a quiet life."

Interrupted the Preacher.
Rev. Myron Reed, of Colorado, who ran as a Democratic Congressional candidate in that State, two years ago, was once interrupted in the midst of a public prayer by a man who shouted, "Louder!" Head stopped short, looked at the interrupter, and said, coolly: "I wasn't addressing you, sir. I was addressing the Almighty." Then he went on with his prayer.

An Outrage on the Chinese.
Visitor—Want a good Chinese joke?
Editor—Let's hear it.
"Well, my laundryman's name is Hop Ping."
"Well, what of it?"
"He doesn't like the action of the Senate on Chinese immigration. He says it is an insult."
"Well, where's the joke?"
"Well, he is Hop Ping mad about it, don't you see?"
"Yes, and you'd better be hopping out of here as quick as you can, too, or the occupants of the lower floor will hear something drop."

An Improved Locomotive.
A New York civil engineer has applied for a patent for a locomotive and tender, by which he claims he can make ninety-five miles an hour with ten coaches. The boiler is rectangular in shape, having a large and permanent area of evaporating surface, supported by a great extent of heating surface. The cylinders are in the rear of, instead of between the truck wheels, and the firebox is supported between the center of gravity of the driving wheels.

Kissing Among Royals.
Among European potentates kissing appears to go by rank and not, as usual, by favor. In bidding Francis Joseph, the King of Saxony and the Regent of Bavaria good-by, recently, Kaiser Wilhelm kissed the first three times and the others but once each. But the question arises, Did he hug them?

Doubtful Compliment.
Guest—I wish I had come here a week ago.
Proprietor—Ah, that's very flattering to my hotel.
Guest—I don't know about that. What I mean is that I would have preferred to have eaten the fish then instead of now.

GALLEY SLAVES.

Horror of These Poor Unfortunates of Olden Times.

The life of the French galley slaves of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries has been thus described by Admiral de la Graviere: "They place seven men on each bench—that is to say, in a space ten feet long by four feet wide. They are so packed away that you can see nothing from stern to bow but the heads of the sailors. The captain and the officers are not much better off."

"When the seas overtake the galleys, when the north winds howl along the coast or when the storm dampens the passengers with its deadly moisture, all these make the galley unendurable. The lamentations of the ship's company, the shrieks of the sailors, the horrible howling of the convicts, the groaning of the timbers, mixed with the clanking of the chains and the natural noises of the storm, produce an effect that will terrify the bravest of men! Even the calm has its inconvenience. The horrid smells are so powerful that you cannot withstand them, despite the fact that you use tobacco in some cases from morning till night."

Condemned in 1701 to serve in the galleys of France on account of being a Protestant, Jean Martelle de Bugenciel, in 1767, at Valenciennes, on the Gueldre, at the age of 60. He says:
"All the convicts are chained to a bench; these benches are four feet apart, and covered with a bag stuffed with wool, on which is thrown a sheepskin. The overseer, who is master of the slaves, remains aloft, near the captain, to receive his orders. There are two sub-overseers—one on each side, the other on the bow. Each one of them is armed with a whip, which he exercises on the naked bodies of the crew."

"When the captain orders the boat off, the overseer gives a signal from a silver whistle which hangs from his neck. This is repeated by the two others, and at once the slaves strike the water. One would say the fifty oars were but one."

"Imagine six men chained to a bench, naked as they were born, one foot on the foot-rest, the other braced against the seat in front, holding in their hands an oar of enormous weight, stretching their bodies out and extending their arms forward toward the backs of these before them, who have the same attitude."

"The oar thus advanced, they raise the end they have in their hand, so that the other end shall plunge into the sea. That done, they throw themselves back and fall on their seats, which bend on receiving them. Sometimes the slaves row ten, twelve, or even twenty hours at a time, without relaxation."
"The overseer, or some one else, on such occasions, puts into the mouth of the unfortunate rower a morsel of bread steeped with wine to prevent his fainting. If by chance one falls over—which often happens—he is beaten until he is supposed to be dead, and then thrown overboard without ceremony."

BOTH READY.

Pathetic Story of a Brave Bride in War Times.

In Mrs. Livermore's "Story of the War" there is a touching story which pathetically illustrates the fact that not unfrequently the crown of sorrow rests not upon the one who departs but on the one who stays. In a hospital in St. Louis Mrs. Livermore discovered a young Union captain, who had endured two amputations of the arm. As the wound refused to heal a third amputation was ordered, which the surgeon feared might prove fatal.

The patient, on learning the surgeon's fear, telegraphed to her who was to be his wife to come to him. She came, and by her desire they were married before the operation was performed.

The arm was removed at the shoulder, and for a day or two the man seemed likely to recover; then he sank rapidly. Mrs. Livermore entered the ward two hours before his death, and found the three days' bride administering to her husband. Her tearless cheeks and her face shining with unnatural brightness showed that she had been lifted above the depression of her surroundings.

Mrs. Livermore and her companion were about to pass by the dying man and his wife, when a look from the husband invited them to his bedside.

"You are ready to go?" asked the lady.
The dying man looked at his young wife, who, understanding him, answered: "Yes, we are both ready—he to go, and I to stay. When he enlisted, I gave him to God and the country. I expected this, and am prepared for it."

The next morning she departed, taking with her the body of the beloved who had gone. The exultation of her spirit upbore her.

1889.

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The suds should be of IVORY SOAP, as it gives a clean, white, and abundant lather, with an entire freedom from oil or grease; and as the materials of which it is made are so clean and pure, it is not at all offensive to the smell or taste, like ordinary soap.

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There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory'"; they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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NEIGHBORING NOTES.

Whittaker.
Mr. A. B. Hawkins is teaching the Island school.

Mr. John Lawson has moved into his new house.

Mrs. B. W. Fuller is quite miserable at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Anderson was visiting at R. F. Walters' last week.

Charlie Hammond called on C. H. Greenman's folks last Sunday.

J. A. Doty came home from the North to spend Thanksgiving with his family.

Mrs. George Mason has a sister visiting her from Detroit.

Mrs. Wm. A. Russell was quite sick last week and under the doctor's care.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry D. O'Brien and wife are the happy possessors of a fine new boy.

Mr. Julius Olshke has built him a nice new house about three and three-fourths miles south of Willis.

Miss Viola Greenman, after visiting a week with her parents in the Island district, has returned to Ypsilanti.

Mr. A. D. Snedcor and son Burt, of Superior, spent Sunday, Nov. 25th, with C. H. Greenman and family.

Dan Hitchingham and Will Gilmour have returned home after an absence of several months up north ditching.

Mr. Jas. Stevens of Detroit was down in Washtenaw Co., and Sumpter, Wayne Co., on ditch business last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George DeMosh have moved into Mrs. John Ambrose's house for a few days while Mr. D. cuts some wood.

Married, Nov. 27, Mr. John Hitchingham of Whittaker, and Miss Aggie Clutz of Maybee station. They have our best wishes.

A lot of the hands from different sections along the Washtenaw, went to Delray near Detroit last Saturday to excavate a place in the earth to build an ice house.

There was a Thanksgiving dance at Whittaker's Corners (Markham's old stand). Although the crowd was small, they report a good time.

Our friend, Wm. A. Russell, will serve as juror at the coming term of the circuit court. If there were more jurymen like him drawn there would be many more intelligent decisions rendered.

Mrs. Lynda Moorman of Grand Rapids and Mrs. Thetis Leonard of Webberville after a two weeks' visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Hammond of the Island district, and other relatives, have returned to their respective homes.

F. J. Hammond is improving in front of his store by hauling dirt and filling in so as not to have a mudhole. Frank reports a good trade in cross cut saws and axe handles. Any one in the vicinity of Whittaker in want of anything in that line will do well to call on Frank before looking elsewhere.

Married, Dec. 4th, in the city of Ann Arbor, Mr. William J. Breining of Augusta, to Miss Clara Dimick of Ypsilanti. They were the recipients of many fine presents. The ladies of Carpenter Relief Corps of which Miss Dimick is a member, presented the bride and groom with a handsome silver cake basket and pickle castor as a token of their esteem.

The patrons of the Hardy school district, at a special school meeting, voted to move their school house onto the N. W. C. of D. W. & E. section 34. The work has already been accomplished. The house was moved over one-half mile most of the way through the woods where trees and stumps had to be grubbed. The house now stands on a good stone foundation.

There was quite a crowd of men and boys at the store of Wm. A. Willings at Willis, on the evening of Nov. 28th and had a grand time raffling for oysters and turkeys. Some played pedro, some shook dice, and some threw coppers. Willings got rid of 50 cans of oysters and Irish Day a lot of turkeys. Your correspondent got two cans of oysters and one eight-pound turkey.

I just wish to remark to my brother correspondent of Belleville that I, as a Republican, still adhere strongly to Republican principles, believe in reform, so after leaving off deprecating on the melon patches of my beloved colored brethren, and took to contributing more largely to the church, and still adhering to Republican reform principles, I should have stolen the five cents out of the contribution box again if it had not been for watch dogs of the church contribution box.

Mr. Editor.—It is with great pleasure that we learn that Col. E. W. Bowen of Ypsilanti has got a situation as mail agent on the Lake Shore R. R. His trip is from Cleveland, Ohio, to Chicago. When I hear or know of a man like Col. Bowen getting a situation like that it does me good. I don't care if Bowen is a Democrat; I am confident he was a splendid soldier during the war; entered the service in the 9th Michigan Cavalry when but a boy 16 years of age as a private, and for meritorious conduct came home at the close of the war Orderly Sergeant of his company, and I honestly hope that he will not be removed by a Republican, and I don't believe he will. I for one will help to keep him where he is, or any other ex-soldier if he is competent. There is no doubt he is one of the most talented officers in the state service.

Died, Thursday, Nov. 22, at his home, a little east of the Island schoolhouse, in the 44th year of his age, Mr. John Bird. Mr. Bird moved to this place from the Kline farm in Superior, five years ago last spring, and by his kindness of nature, and honesty and industry, he won the love and respect of all who knew him, and his loss is deeply felt by his neighbors and friends, and the loss to his bereaved family is hard indeed for them to bear. He leaves a wife and four small children, and father and mother, to mourn his loss. The principal cause of his death was a rupture of one of the large arteries leading to the heart, caused by lifting a very heavy stone onto his wagon when hauling underpinning for his home about four years ago. Physically, Mr. Bird was a fine looking man, six feet tall. He was a colored man, but many white men would do honor to themselves if they would imitate his good qualities; had ones he had none. The funeral was held at the Quaker church and was largely attended. Mr. Bird's family have our most heartfelt sympathy.

C. H. GREENMAN.

Nora Nugget.

Deacon Gooding lost a horse last week. Whooping cough is going the rounds.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Wheeler have returned from their Western trip.

The Literary Society met last Friday night with Deacon Gooding.

School began in the Oak Grove district last week with Elvina Loveland as teacher.

James P. Throop of Ferris, has been visiting friends in this vicinity and on the Ridge.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Crane of Stony Creek visited their daughter Mrs. F. J. Salisbury, Sunday.

Stony Creek.

Mr. L. Davis is on the sick list.

Mr. Alfred Davis spent Thanksgiving at home.

The M. E. Mission society will give a concert at their church Sunday evening, Dec. 8.

The new coat of paint on the M. E. Parsonage adds very much to the looks of the place.

The Thanksgiving dinner at the M. E. Parsonage was well attended. More than one hundred took dinner.

There will be a Leap Year social at the residence of P. D. Rogers, Friday evening, Dec. 7. All are invited, and girls, don't forget your pocket-books.

Miss Anna Buck gave a birthday party at her home Saturday evening. A large number of her friends were present and several pretty presents were left as a reminder of the pleasant evening.

Salem.

The Ladies' Aid Society will meet at Mrs. John Smith's Friday.

Will Jarvis left Salem for his home in Hamburg, Sunday.

The W. C. T. U. meet at Peebles Church Thursday.

Frank Owenshire and family spent Sunday at A. Van Acken's.

Mr. John Stevens and Miss Mary Weed, both of Salem were married at Ann Arbor, Monday.

There is to be an oyster supper at the residence of James Mc Cormick, Friday evening, Dec. 14th, for the benefit of the Lapham Sunday School.

Henry Mager who recently purchased the Whipple farm, was married Thanksgiving to Miss Kate Schlect of Ann Arbor township. We wish them happiness in their new home.

Eaton's Mills.

Norman Freeman took a trip to Ann Arbor last Tuesday.

Mr. A. Ebling commenced a series of meetings in the Brick this week.

Robbie Wilson and wife visited at Belleville last Saturday.

George Smith of Martinsville, formerly of this place, gave us a flying visit last Monday.

David Russell has been to Detroit and purchased a store full of goods, and will open his store Thursday, Dec. 6th.

Will Warren and wife, of Belleville, and David Budd and wife, of Ypsilanti, visited Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Butts last Sunday.

Belleville.

S. M. Moore, one of the old pioneers of this place died at his home, Dec. 2d, at the advanced age of 86 years.

Mr. Eber Yost was the guest of Milo W. Whittaker during the meeting of the Teacher's Association.

Mr. Austin W. Ellis, of Detroit, was visiting a number of his friends at this place on Friday and Saturday of last week.

Mrs. F. Horner was taken very ill the fore part of last week with congestion of the lungs, but at the present date shows signs of improvement.

Milo W. Whittaker took his departure for Ypsilanti Monday, where he will attend the Business College. Milo was one of the most highly esteemed young men of this town.

The Leap Year ball held at Union Hall, Thursday evening was a grand success, as well as the supper furnished by O. Westphal, whose reputation in this line is well known.

At four o'clock on Thursday afternoon of last week, at the residence of Samuel W. Burroughs, Rev. L. Hewson, united in marriage, Mr. George W. Fraine and Miss Cora Lewis, both of this place. Mr. Fraine and wife left on the evening train for Detroit.

Mr. R. C. Begole, of Pittsfield, and Miss Mamie Smith of this place, were joined in the holy bands of matrimony, at the residence of the bride's parents, Nov. 20th, 1888. A large number of relatives and friends were present to witness the ceremony. The happy couple left the following morning for Detroit.

Mrs. D. Smith, mother of Elmer Smith, editor of the Belleville Enterprise, received a large number of friends at her home Thanksgiving day. Mr. D. Quirk and family, of Ypsilanti were among the number. Mrs. Smith was the recipient of a large number of valuable and useful presents.

The second annual meeting of Wayne County Teacher's Association was held at this place on last Friday and Saturday. The weather Friday morning was not very promising, and as the train did not arrive till late in the morning, there was no meeting called. The weather in the afternoon was more favorable, and at 1:45 o'clock the meeting was called to order by the President, Prof. J. A. Sinclair, of this place. The session opened with devotional exercises by Mr. C. Cady of Wayne, next in order was an address by the President. This was followed by a paper entitled "Can You Keep Order," by Supt. A. C. Brown, of Plymouth. One of the principal points he made was, the teachers should make their own rules, and have as few of them as possible to carry on a good school. Next on the program was a paper, subject, The Importance of Music in Education. This was a very able article, and received marked attention. Supt. L. M. Kellogg, of Wyandotte, closed the session by a paper, "Composition Work in the Country Schools," in which he endeavored to place before the Association the importance of this subject in our country schools. The meeting was then adjourned until Saturday morning. Prof. Austin George, of Ypsilanti addressed the Association, at the M. E. Church, Friday evening, on the subject, "The Art of Illustration." No comment is necessary, as we all know his great ability in handling any subject. The Association was

called to order Saturday morning at 9:40 o'clock by the President. Prayer was offered by Rev. R. L. Hewson, pastor of the M. E. Church. Prof. George then delivered a very interesting address on Reading. Following this, Prin. B. E. Comfort of Detroit presented his views on the subject, "English Classics in our Common Schools," and thus ended the second session of the Association.

At the afternoon session Prin. Moe, of Detroit, presented his paper on the subject, "Practical Menstruation," which was a very logical and masterly effort. After transacting its official business, a motion was carried that the next meeting should be held at Northville, March 1st and 2d.

ZEAK SHINE.

Pittsfield.

Mrs. John Rowe is visiting in Canada.

Walter Tostick has received a new set of wheels for his engine.

Miss Nina Bond finished the fall term of school in district No. 2, Nov. 24.

Miss Estella Tate commenced the winter term of school in district No. 7, Nov. 26.

The Tansick families gave thanks for turkey and cranberry sauce at the home of Geo. Gotta, Ypsilanti.

G. Hurlter contributed to our thankfulness Thanksgiving day by building a new bridge on the gravel road over the county ditch.

Willis.

Andrew Fisher visited his sister in Ann Arbor last week.

Harvey Day is improving the looks of his place by a new fence.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Butts of Eaton Mills visited E. Talbors last week.

Mrs. Wines of Chelsea spent Thanksgiving at her old home with her mother and sister.

Mrs. James Sherman, of Eaton Mills, was surprised by her friends Thanksgiving morning. They carried many good things for which she was truly thankful.

Fraternity Grange spent Thanksgiving at their Hall, and a pleasant time was had. One hour of literary, consisting of reading and recitations helped to make it one of the many happy hours spent there. The exercises closed by singing the Doxology.

Ypsilanti Township.

Mr. Goudry's house was destroyed by fire Monday, the 19th.

Miss Bessie Freeman of Romulus is visiting friends here.

Miss Mary Gear of Superior, spent a few days last week with Miss Alma Vocrees.

The Misses Lillian and Lucilla Ward partook of Thanksgiving festivities at their aunt's, Mrs. Chas. Crittenden.

Now that election is over and peace and quiet restored to the nation, Alonzo Ford has concluded to train the young ideas in the Tuttle district.

Miss Carrie Baldwin, having completed her course at the Commercial College, of Ada, Ohio, is spending a short time with her aunt, Mrs. Jason Cross. Her little daughter Edith will return with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stratton have taken up their residence in Ann Arbor. Mr. Stratton's mother and grand mother, Mrs. Wells and Graig, are still on the farm, but are anxious to sell or exchange for city property.

Superior.

The President's message ain't to be sneezed at.

Godlieb Stabler sold that load of gates in a hurry. The people like 'em and want more.

That new fence in front of George Wilbur residence looks first rate. An Albion Farm gate at the entrance to the lane would be an improvement.

The death of John Bird is deeply regretted by his many friends here. He was for a number of years a resident of our township, and a highly respected citizen.

After an absence of many years, John Harrison has returned to his native land, England, for a visit to the scenes of his boyhood days. We wish him a happy renewal of his early associations, and a safe return to his adopted country.

Thanksgiving Day was very pleasantly and profitably observed at the Free church. An appropriate sermon was preached by Rev. Palmer, followed by a few remarks by Rev. Shank, former pastor. At the conclusion of the services the people descended to the hall below, and for an hour of more feasted on the fat of the land.

Johnnie Connor has engaged in the poultry business quite extensively. His brother Willie is being treated for congestion of the eyes, by Mrs. Peck, living near Plymouth village. The lady is quite gratified at the progress her patient is making under her care, but is probably unaware that while she is treating one eye, with the other Willie is squinting at her fair daughter, and the exercise, he thinks, has quite as much to do with his rapid improvement, as Mrs. P.'s treatment.



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"why trade with ALBAN &
JOHNSON, for Clothing," the
answer comes promptly,

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COLCHESTER ARCTIC
"With the Outside Counter."

It's the Best Fitting and
BEST WEARING

Arctic now made, and is 'pon honor for reputation. The "OUTSIDE COUNTER" adds largely to the durability. These are cheapest in the end. No extra charge for the "outside counter." Ask to see the "Colchester" Arctic. Kept Here by Best Stores.

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YPSILANTI MARKETS.

PRICES PAID ON THE STREETS.

[Corrected up to the hour of publication.]

WHEAT	86	1 00
BUCKWHEAT	55	80
CORN in ear & bu.	22	25
OATS	25	25
RYE	40	50
BEANS	1 25	1 50
POTATOES	30	35
BARLEY & w.	1 00	1 33
WOOL, washed	40	60
HAY & ton	7 00	10 00
CLOVER SEED	4 50	5 00
APPLES & bbl.	1 25	1 50
" & bu.	40	60
" dried & b.	5	20
BUTTER	20	23
LARD	11	12 1/2
EGGS	18	24
CHICKENS	8	10
TURKEYS	10	12
MAPLE SUGAR	12	15
HONEY	12 1/2	15
TALLOW & b.	2	3 1/2
SHEEP PELTS	50	1 50
SHEARLINGS		
GREEN HIDES	1 1/2	5
CURED	5 00	6 00
LIVE STOCK.		
SHEEP fatted & b.	3	3 1/2
LAMBS	5	5 1/2
HOGS & b.	5	5 1/2
" dressed	5 1/2	7
VEAL, live	4	4 1/2
COWS, milch	20 00	30 00
" fatted	2 50	3 00
STEER fatted	3	4 00

WANTED!

Five Hundred Cords of
Hard or Mixed Wood
at
Samson's Wood Yard.

Patents. CHARLES J. HUNT.
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GREAT QUESTIONS!

Suggested by the approaching
Holidays.

What shall I Give?

Where shall I get it?

What shall I pay for it?

These Questions can be answered in a very satisfactory manner by an early inspection of our stock and prices.

We are offering a nice line of

LAMPS,

DINNER and TEA SETS,

FANCY GOODS,

(IN CHINA AND GLASS.)

Decorated Toilet Sets,

Etc., Etc., Etc.

Come and see what we can offer you.

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19 Cross Street.

MICHIGAN STATE NEWS.

A Cassville citizen, who has lived in Michigan fifty-one years, and has seen 87 frosty winters, has just taken his first-railway ride. "I was a case of letter to him than never."

Miss Cipriani, a Kalamazoo teacher, of Italian descent, has recently become an heir to a goodly portion of a \$25,000,000 estate in Italy. She can take a vacation now.

Conrad George, the Wyandotte man who thought he was tired of life and went out his throat, afterward became terribly anxious to live, but the most strenuous efforts of the physicians proved unavailing, and Conrad died on the 22d.

Burglars worked Belleville business houses very industriously the other night, raking in all the loose change to be found. Not to exceed \$25 was secured, however, at any one place.

James Harper, the man who shot and killed James Turner at an East Jordan gaming table some time since, has been given a life job at the Jackson prison. And he won't ply the shooting his either.

Kalamazoo is inclined to the belief that a city hospital would be the proper caper.

Dr. Goucher, of Nashville, goes into exile at the Jackson prison for a year on account of his connection with a grave-robbing expedition.

The annual meeting of the State Trotting Horse Breeders' association was held at Jackson on the 24th and was largely attended. The association is out of debt with \$20 in the treasury. It was decided at this meeting to hold six stakes races during the season of 1889.

Taking the vote recently cast in this state as a basis, as compared with that of 1884 and the census taken that year, Michigan now has a population of nearly 2,300,000.

The next meeting of the National Press association will be held at Detroit in September, 1889.

B. W. Long, a Lansing druggist, recently purchased a barrel of whisky from a Detroit wholesale house that proved to be adulterated and now the revenue officers are after the fellow who did the drugging.

A Lansing man has a thirty-five foot well that's turning out crude petroleum. Some of the neighbors suspect that a leaking barrel isn't located very far away.

In the case of Park vs. The Detroit Free Press, the supreme court declared the libel law of 1885 unconstitutional.

In the somewhat celebrated case of Mrs. Fiske vs. the Perrin estate, the supreme court decides the plaintiff to be entitled to \$43,000, and a solicitor's fee of \$20,000. Profitable lawsuit.

But ninety-two of the 753 boarders at the Jackson prison now wear striped suits, the balance being permitted to don the gray on account of good behavior.

A lot of its summer cottages at Huronia beach have recently been burgled of their furniture. Perhaps somebody's going to try the summer resort business on their own account.

Two cases of small-pox at Howell make the denizens of that town feel a little nervous over the situation.

A Jackson citizen accuses his wife (who left him and board without just cause, etc.) of stealing his clock and bedclothes. The woman would leave her husband and thus destitute those frosty nights, without an alarm clock to awaken him from a chilly slumber is—well, she can't love him much anyhow.

A Three Rivers barn that was fired by an incendiary was entirely consumed, including hay and grain, four draft horses, worth \$250 each, thirteen head of fat cattle, seven cows, and a lot of hogs. A man who could commit a deed like that isn't—well, he isn't exactly civilized.

A squad of twenty-five Osceola county citizens have pitched their tents in far-away Oregon with a view to the betterment of personal fortunes. May they live long and prosper.

Charles Bechtel, of Mancelona, crossed a powerful dynamo, just to get acquainted with the thing, but says he doesn't care to be struck by lightning a second time. Few people would.

Alma college opened up for business one year ago with thirty-five students. Now she has 125, representing four states and Canada, with more a-coming.

Williamson is said to be the only town in this country that has two large school houses that stand close enough to be next-door neighbors. They are separated by a distance of less than four rods.

Marquette's water supply allows each inhabitant, big or little, sixty gallons per day. They ought to be able to keep clean.

The meeting of the ministerial association of the Lansing M. E. district was changed from Vermontville to Lansing on account of the prevalence of diphtheria at the former place. There are only eighteen talkers on the programme.

It is not often that a horse attempts the feat of climbing a pole, but a runaway nag that was going like a streak struck an inclined one at Lake Linden and slid up the thing for a distance of thirty feet. "The animal was so badly hurt that it had to be killed."

The Lansing Condensed Milk company is about to establish a branch factory at Sterling, Ill. It couldn't get lactical fluid enough at home to fill its orders.

James Donovan, the man who brought \$300,000 worth of suits against Big Rapids citizens, has had the fun of paying costs without getting any damage money. The libel crop hasn't returned a rich harvest this year.

Judge Wing, a Monroe citizen, is writing a history of that county, and knows how to do a good job of it, too.

The Muskegon Car works have orders ahead for 600 freight-cars, with more in prospect.

The hog crop of the state is panning out in good shape. A good corn crop tells the story.

A Pine River woman, named Barrett, has fled to Canada with an itinerant preacher. The bereft husband takes the matter philosophically and has already applied for a divorce.

Shipments of ore by water from Lake Superior ports have continued close for the season, but large quantities will go by rail during the winter months. Lake shipments from the Marquette range aggregate nearly 5,000,000 tons for the season just closed.

That state chestnut, the Charivari, isn't always a compound of unmitigated and unalloyed pleasure. Charles Neeson attended one at South Riverport and was killed.

The edict has gone forth at Vermontville that the peck-y English sparrows "must go." A citizen of that town brought down twenty-two of 'em at a single shot.

Grand Rapids parties talk of investing \$100,000 in a new Masonic temple that shall be worthy of the push and progress of the "second city."

The latest advice from the Calumet and Hecla mine fire indicates that the subterranean blast isn't as serious as at first reported, and that it will soon be under control.

COSTLY FIRE AT MUSKEGON, MICH.

MUSKEGON, Mich., Dec. 6.—Fire broke out in the lumber pile on Hackley & Hummel's dock shortly after 1 p. m. Tuesday. Every effort was made to confine the fire to the lumber in which it started, but the high wind carried huge fire-brands far out over the city, and it seemed for a time as if the business portion of the town was doomed. Many minor blazes broke out in different parts of the town and kept the firemen busy, but no great danger was caused except in the lumber district. Hackley & Hummel have lost 9,000,000 feet of lumber, their tramways, bridges and docks. The total can not fall far short of \$175,000. There is an insurance of about \$175,000 on this.

CHARLES WIGHT FOUND GUILTY.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 3.—Charles Wight was assistant superintendent of mails in the Detroit postoffice for six years prior to last summer, when he was caught stealing a decoy letter. He tried to escape from Inspector Angus Smith, who arrested him, made a written confession of his crime, pleaded guilty, and then withdrew this plea, denied his guilt, and fired a lawyer who sought to get him off on the ground that a decoy letter was not mail. Judge Brown overruled this Friday and the case went to the jury, who brought in a verdict finding Wight guilty. Sentence was staid and an attempt will be made to get him off.

THE CALUMET AND HECLA MINE FIRE.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 4.—The situation at the Calumet and Hecla mine is practically unchanged. Manager Whiting and Superintendent Wright hope the fire will burn itself out soon. Nothing can be done to rescue the remains of the eight cremated miners until the fire is entirely out. The report that 1,800 men are out of work is without foundation. Every miner who can be used has been put to work in the Black Hills, a part of the mine which is out of reach of the fire. At most not over 500 men will be out of work on account of the fire.

COMPOSITION IS THE LIFE OF RASCALITY.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 4.—Will Schrieber, the absconding teller of the First National bank of Columbus, Ind., made a partial settlement with President Lucas, of the bank in Windsor, Ont., yesterday, which nets him several thousand dollars. He will complete the deal to-day or to-morrow, and will be insured immunity from prosecution whenever he chooses to return to the states. President Lucas found Schrieber in Toronto Saturday, but he will not say how much he allows this young thief.

CRASHED INTO A STREET CAR.

DETROIT, Dec. 6.—Yesterday as a street car with fourteen passengers aboard, was crossing the track of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern on Croghan street, it was run down by a locomotive, and the following casualties resulted: Badly, and possibly fatally injured—John Scenicus, Mrs. Mary Houk, Miss Mary Marshall, Miss Vina Gilly. Less seriously hurt—Joseph Cornelius, Frank Egger and A. A. Ramsey.

BIG FIRE AT MUSKEGON, MICH.

MUSKEGON, Mich., Dec. 5.—Hackley & Hummel's lumber yard was discovered to be on fire yesterday afternoon, and the flames spread so rapidly that the fire department, aided by two powerful tugs, were unable to check it. Mr. Hackley says 7,500,000 feet of lumber were burned, valued at \$105,000; insured for \$75,500. The damage to docks and tramways is \$5,000.

HE'S A YANKEE ALL OVER.

The Captain of the Haytian Republic Still Flies the American Flag.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—The steamship Andes, of the Atlas line, arrived at this port Monday morning from Port-au-Prince and other Haytian ports. When the Andes left Port-au-Prince, in the early part of last month, the seized steamship Haytian Republic was lying in the harbor with a prize crew on board. From the time of her three masts floated three star-spangled banners. The captain of the Andes had an interview with the captain of the Haytian Republic three days before his departure. The plucky Yankee skipper swore until the air was black and blue that he'd see the blanketed Haytiens in the deep sea before he'd haul the flags down. The flags he had nailed to the masts, knowing that the negro soldiers were too lazy to climb into the rigging and tear them away. The United States cruiser Boston from Hayti, which has been detained at quarantine more than a week, was released Monday morning. She proceeded to the Brooklyn navy yard. The members of her crew who are suffering from yellow fever, remain in the Gwinbourne Island hospital. They are convalescing.

UNITED THEIR FAMILIES.

A Man Having Thirteen Children Weds a Lady with Sixteen.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 4.—A romantic marriage took place at Friends' Church, Dearborn county, Ind., Sunday. Anthony Opp, a wealthy and respected old citizen, who for many years was postmaster under different Republican administrations, besides holding many other local offices of importance, concluded, notwithstanding he will be 80 years old in the spring, to get married again and ask for the postoffice back when Harrison takes his seat. The old gentleman is the father of thirteen children. He selected as his wife Mrs. Heffelsheimer, the mother of sixteen living children, and who is but 51 years of age. By uniting their families the couple have now twenty-nine children, forty-nine grandchildren, and eleven great grandchildren. The wedding was a pleasant affair, and many friends hope the couple will live long enough to see their tribe greatly increased.

SHE KEPT A BABY FARM.

LONG ISLAND CITY, L. I., Dec. 4.—Mary Purcell, colored, aged 25, has been arrested at Astoria, charged with keeping an unlicensed baby farm and with having left sixteen infants on doorsteps of as many houses in Long Island City within the last three months. She says she was paid \$30 by Mrs. Koehler and Mrs. Morgan, New York midwives, for every infant taken by her from them; also that she was sent to the women by a Dr. Cook, of New York. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children of Brooklyn has requested the New York authorities to look after Mrs. Koehler and Mrs. Morgan.

STREET CAR STRUCK BY AN ENGINE.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 4.—About 10:45 o'clock Monday night, while locomotive 767, of the Pennsylvania railroad, was crossing Cedar street, on Lehigh avenue, it struck street car No. 250 of the Richmond branch of the Traction company. Elsie Shaw, aged 50 years, driver of the street car, was killed. One of the two passengers in the car, James Martin, aged 23, had his right hip and knee hurt and sustained serious internal injuries. The other escaped. Engineer William Nelson, and William Ridgway, the conductor of the loco, were arrested and locked up to await the action of the coroner.

THE ATCHAFALYA, TOPEKA & SANTA FE RAILROAD.

system has reduced its capital stock from \$40,000,000 to \$20,000,000.

LITTLEWOOD IS CHAMPION.

The English Pedestrian Beats Albert's Record—Albert's Challenge.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—There was an immense assemblage in Madison Square garden Saturday night to witness the closing scenes of the six days as you please, which began shortly after midnight Monday last. It is estimated that from 8,000 to 10,000 people were present. From 5 o'clock and up to the close of the race most of the pedestrians remained on the track, and every time the band played the men would start around at a lively rate. The sporting men unanimously declared that but for the lack of heart Cartwright would have been pushing Littlewood for first place.

At 6 o'clock Littlewood was ten miles ahead of Albert's record. He was going around gainfully, although it was evident that one of his feet was sore, as he limped in rather a painful way. Littlewood's intention when he started was to cover 675 miles; his sickness precluded this, but he was determined to break the record.

At 7:30 he made his 619th mile, and the crowd cheered loudly. The excitement was great as he drew near Albert's record. Albert and his wife sat in a box and saw Littlewood win the title of champion walker of the world. Shortly after starting out on the 623d mile it was stated that he would on completing it retire for good. While Littlewood was covering his 623d mile the crowd grew more enthusiastic. When he had completed it he was presented by Guerrero with a handsome wreath, a present from Jockey Garrison, while the band played "Hail to the Chief," and followed with "Yankee Doodle." It was 8:01 precisely when he finished. Albert came down with him carrying a broom, while the other pedestrians bore aloft American flags. One circuit of the track was then made in a sort of triumphal procession, and Littlewood left the track.

Moore, Cartwright, Hart, Connor, Golden, Mason, Campana, Taylor, and Smith followed shortly after, but Herty remained on the track running in splendid form. It was announced that he had determined to beat Rowell's record of 602 miles and 165 yards. At 9:44 he made the 623d mile, and shortly after passed Rowell's record, making the greatest record of his life. All the contestants returned to the track between 9 and 10 and indulged in frequent spurts. At 9:30 Littlewood, escorted by Manager O'Brien and limping badly, went around the track amid great cheering. After making a couple of laps Littlewood and Herty were stopped by Kelly, of the Boston Base Ball club, and presented with wreaths of laurel. After Littlewood made a few more laps he was stopped in front of the scorer's stand and presented with the diamond championship belt by Mike Kelly, who made a few brief remarks. He said that while Americans bowed to his superiority now, he hoped that soon an American would again get possession of the belt and the title of champion of the world. The belt was then fastened around Littlewood's waist, and he thanked the speaker for his good wishes, and said he had won the belt once, but supposed he must win it twice more to hold it. Albert then stepped forward and challenged Littlewood to another race for the championship of the world under the conditions that each man entering put up \$1,000, to be divided among the walkers in addition to the gate receipts.

The 10 p. m. score was: Littlewood, 623 miles 1,320 yards; Herty, 605; Moore, 533; Cartwright, 540; Norreman, 542; Hart, 529; Howarth, 539; Connor, 530; Golden, 534; Mason, 528; Taylor, 450; Campana, 451; Elson, 421; Peach, 282; C. Smith, 201. The receipts for the week amounted to about \$19,123. Of this sum \$9,561.50 will be divided among the walkers. Littlewood gets \$3,824, with \$1,000 added for breaking the record; Herty will get \$1,721; Moore, \$1,137; Cartwright, \$800; Connor, \$236; Golden, \$191, and Mason, \$165.

OFFICIAL RETURNS.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Dec. 1.—The electoral vote of California as announced by the secretary of state yesterday, is: Harrison, 124,609; Cleveland, 117,749; Fisk, 5,701; Curtis, 1,501.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Dec. 1.—The official returns from the election in this state give these results: Harrison's plurality, 21,271; Hoard's plurality, 20,205. The prohibition vote for president was 14,777, and the labor vote for president 5,552; total vote, 334,001.

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 1.—Official vote of the state: Harrison, 33,243; Cleveland, 26,624; Fisk, 1,677; Brester, 353; scattering, 61; total vote, 61,913; Harrison's plurality, 6,769.

AUSTIN, Tenn., Dec. 4.—The count of the vote of Texas for presidential electors was completed yesterday. The total vote cast was 942,500. Cleveland's majority being 135,760.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 5.—The official vote of the state was announced Tuesday as follows: Governor—Hall, 650,054; Miller, 631,283; Jones, 30,215; Hall, 3,344; Page, 313; Wardner, 30; blank, defective, etc., 1,537; total, 1,317,250. Lieutenant governor—Jones, 620,831; Cruger, 628,617; Powell, 30,246; Patterson, 3,049; Blakeney, 3,010; Martin, 578; blank, defective, etc., 1,090; total, 1,317,497.

Cheap Fares to Inauguration.

WASHINGTON CITY, Dec. 4.—At a meeting of the committee on transportation to the inaugural ceremonies of March next, held last evening, a report was presented showing that a circular letter had been sent to every railroad in the United States requesting it to contribute to the national capital, suggesting that the rate to Washington for the inauguration be made one fare for the round trip from all points. The Pennsylvania railroad had responded, agreeing to make that rate from all points on its line, and answers were being received from other roads every day.

Another Victory for Bell.

CHICAGO, Dec. 3.—Judge Blodgett has rendered an important decision, forever straining the American Inter-State Telephone company from using, renting, or infringing on the patents of the American Bell telephone company.

IS CONSUMPTION INCURABLE?

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption I would have died of Lung Troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at Frank Smith's Drug Store.

German silver was not invented in Germany and does not contain a particle of silver.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect Satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Frank Smith.

You may preach ever so long to a wolf, he will nevertheless call for lamb before night.

Used one bottle of Mother's Friend before my first confinement. It is a wonderful remedy. Looked and felt so well afterwards friends remarked it. Would not be without Mother's Friend for any consideration.

Mrs. Jos. B. Anderson, Ochopee, Ga. Write the Bradford Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga. Sold by all druggists.

There is no need to fasten a bell to a fool, he is sure to tell his own tale.

A DRUGGIST SAYS.

Marvin C. Brown, Druggist, Mercuth Village, N. H., says: I have sold your Sulphur Bitters for years, and, contrary to most medicines, I never sold a bottle to any one who said it did not help them. They cured me of those terrible sick headaches when every other remedy failed.

The best thing to clean tinware is common soda; rub on briskly with a damp cloth, after which wipe dry.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE.

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most case it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 20 cents and \$1.00. Trial size free. At all druggists.

A man must keep his mouth open a long while before a roast pigeon flies into it.

A MERCHANT'S OPINION.

Mr. B. F. Nourse, General Western Agent Royal Baking Powder Co., writes: "I have never found so great results from physicians' prescriptions and attendance upon our children, as I have after a few days' use of Papillon (extract of flax) Skin Cure. I cannot describe to you medically what it has done for us, but can say that years of treatment have not accomplished what Papillon has done after a few applications." Large bottles only \$1.00, at A. D. Morfous Drug Store, 8900

The young man with a slender salary could choose for his wife a girl of small waste.

UNABLE TO TELL.

Yes, that was so. For years I suffered severely with scrofula; sores broke out all over my body, and I am unable to tell one half that I suffered. I was not able to obtain relief until I used Sulphur Bitters, which completely cured me.—C. B. DALE, 17 Allston street, Boston.

You must walk a long while behind a wild goose before you find an ostrich feather.

"Your babies" will always be good if you give them Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup while teething. It is a reliable and sure remedy and costs only 25 cents.

Prudent people always have Laxador convenient. It often takes the place of a doctor and costs only 25 cents. For sale everywhere.

While the great bells are ringing no one hears the small ones.

ELECTRIC BITTERS.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist, and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum, and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system, and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers. For cure of headache, Constipation, and indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle at Frank Smith's Drug Store.

Brazilian grass never grew in Brazil, and is not grass; it is nothing but strips of palmleaf.

Do not consult anybody, but invest 25 in a bottle of Salvation Oil. It kills pain! When we reflect that so many human beings die of Consumption we must come to the conclusion that everybody should be provided with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup the poor consumptive's friend.

BANKERS.

HEMPHILL, BATHFELDER & Co., Bankers, corner of Congress and Huron streets, Ypsilanti.

DENTISTS.

JOHN B. VAN FOSSEN, D. D. S., Dental rooms over Map's Dry Goods Store, Union Block. Vitalized Air if desired.

WATLING & JAMES, J. A. Watling, D. D. S., L. M. James, D. D. S., Dentists, Huron St. N. W. corner of the city hall, near the corner of the city hall.

A. B. BELL, Dentist, VanTuy Block, Congress street, over A. B. Morfous's drug store. Nitrous oxide gas administered when necessary.

PHYSICIANS.

JAMES HUSTON, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Residence, corner Huron and Elm streets.

MRS. E. S. SPENCER, Teacher of Oil Painting, Crayon and Air Brush portraits, corner Congress and Adams streets.



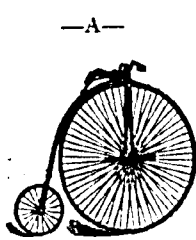
Friends, Washerwomen, House-keepers, Lend me your ears, and hear me for my cause. The Soap I come to speak about is the Great Santa Claus. 'Tis good for every purpose, For which a soap is needed, And joy will bring to every one Who has wise counsel heeded And spent a nickel, just to prove What wonders it will do, To lighten labor, save expense And make things bright and new.

Extract from Prof. Soap's lecture on "The Moral Influence of Soap."

SANTA CLAUS SOAP is the best in the market for washing, scouring, cleaning, scrubbing, &c. For sale by all grocers at 5c. a cake.

N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Manufacturers Chicago Ill

Before You Buy



BICYCLE, TRICYCLE, SAFETY RAMBLER, or TANDEM,

And Wheelmen's Supplies.

CALL ON

Ed. Wallace,

—FOR—

Catalogue & Prices.

No. 5 Union Block.

New Livery.

Having purchased the Livery formerly owned by J. M. Orcutt, am specially well equipped for all business in this line. Carriages, Cutters and Horses for Pleasure Rides or Special Trips, at Lowest Rates. Rigs by the hour or day.

Z. Buck, Ypsilanti, Office at Barn, near Huron St. Telephone Connection.

New Advertisements

TO ADVERTISERS.

A list of 100 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE. To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our SELECT LOCAL LIST.

GEO. F. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce street, New York

LEGAL.

CHANCERY SALE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN. THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF WASHTENAW: In Chancery. In a case therein pending, wherein Jane P. Forbes is complainant, and Fred L. Thompson, Alice J. Thompson, and George C. Cooper, are defendants, in pursuance of a decree of said court, made in said cause on the 24th day of October, 1888, I shall sell, to the highest bidder, at public auction, at the east front door of the Court House, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said county, that being the building wherein the Circuit Court for said county is held, on Monday the 10th day of Dec. next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the following lands and premises, situated in said County of Ypsilanti, Washtenaw County, Michigan, viz: Beginning at the north-west corner of lot number five hundred thirty-six (336) in Norris, Follett, Joslin, and Skinner's addition to the village (now city) of Ypsilanti, running thence south, along the west line of said lot, eleven rods, thence east parallel with Oak street, to the east line of said lot, thence north, along the east line of said lot, to Oak street, thence west, along the north side of said lot, to the place of beginning. Dated Oct. 25, 1888.

FRANK JOSELYN, Circuit Court Commissioner in and for Washtenaw County, Michigan.

THOMAS KINDE, Solicitor for Complainant.

PROBATE ORDER.

ESTATE OF HENRY GALE. STATE OF MICHIGAN. ss. COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, on Monday, the 19th day of November in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight.

Present, WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Henry Gale deceased, the administrator de bonis non of said estate, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such administrator.

Thereupon it is ordered, That Tuesday, the eighteenth day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said county, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

Four O'clock Tea.

Yes, that's what they said it was, but law sakes, these new-fangled customs do up-set a body so! When Mrs. Prof. D'Ooge said she wanted me and my daughter Mehitabel to come over to her house last Saturday afternoon from four to six to meet some friends of hers and have a cup of tea, I reckoned we'd do just as we used to when I was a girl, and as good lookin' and chipper as any of 'em. If I do say it that shouldn't. My, what times we did have them days! I used to put on my best black bombazine gown, with a beautiful white kerchief and a string of gold beads round my neck, and my hair brushed just as smooth and shiny as satin—mother always said, "Hand-some is as handsome does," and that I wasn't even good lookin', but I'd go to the glass and see that I was kind o' pretty round the edges anyway; so I didn't mind it much—well, as I was a sayin', I'd fix all up, and then take my knittin' work and go to where the tea drinkin' was. I'd find a number of friends there, and we'd knit and visit while the kettle in the old fire-place was comin' to a boil. Then, when it was time, the hostess would make the tea, and we'd sit round a big table and drink and talk and tell fortunes with tea-grounds, and enjoy ourselves till it was time to go home.

Well, at Mrs. D'Ooge's everything was lovely, and she's such a charming lady that no one could help having a real nice time, but it was all so different. Lawful sakes! we didn't even take off our bunnets. Mehitabel said it wouldn't be aw'ay, or something like that, if we should; so we went right into the best room, and Mrs. D'Ooge met us with her sweet smile, lookin' as happy and chirk as usual. She said a lot of pleasant things, and then we passed on to speak to others we knew. There were about fifty ladies there. Mehitabel said they all belonged to the select of the city, but I don't belong to anything but a missionary society, so I don't know. Well, we mingled around promiscuous like among them, and met such a lot of real nice folks; and I declare to goodness, everybody was makin' such pert speeches and laughin' so jolly that Mehitabel said I fairly behaved giddy-me, a dignified old lady! Well, if I did, I had good cause, anyway!

Then bye and bye, I and Mehitabel meandered out into the keepin' room—she says 'tain't a keepin' room at all, it's a "back parlor," but I guess I know—and there in the bow-window set the daintiest little table all spread with white, with a bunch of posies in the middle, and the dearest little blue-and-white tea service. There was an awful sweet lady pourin' the tea, and Mehitabel said it was Mrs. D'Ooge's sister, Miss Ida Pease, who had come clear from Ann Arbor to help "do the honors," and it was real honorable to her, too, the way she did it. There were two or three other ladies who helped look after the company too; so no one could feel lorn and neglected.

Well, as I was a sayin', the table was such a mite of a thing that we couldn't set round it as we used to; so the ladies were scattered about the room, some settin' down and some standin' up, sippin' tea out of the teeny blue cups, nibblin' sweet cake and some of the thinnest little square crackers—awful good, but so very thin and riz so light that I had to take two bites before I was sure I had anything. Mehitabel said they was honey-comb wafers, and I never dispute Mehitabel—that is, not very often—'cause she's been through the Normal and she knows most everything. Mehitabel's my daughter. Well, I was just havin' the nicest visit with our dear little minister's wife, and was about to ask Miss Pease—I wonder if she's related to the Peases that used to live neighbor to us out in Skowhegan; I'm sure I heard her speak about Robert, but she called him Elmore too, and I didn't know that was his middle name; probably it can't be the same one—well, as I was a sayin', I wanted another cup of that good tea, but Mehitabel came to me just then in her smildest, meanest way, and when she looks like that I always know I've come pretty nigh comittin' some "breach of equity," as she calls it—and said, "Come, mother, shan't we pay our devvors to Mrs. D'Ooge and make our adoo?" Of course I thought so too, and told her I'd been waitin' some time for her; so we started. I'd had such a good time that I hated to come away, but Mehitabel said it was most six o'clock and we must. I do hope some of the other ladies will give tea-drinkin' like this, 'cause it was real splendid, and after I get used to the new-fangled way of doin' I know I shall like it better even than the good old-fashioned kind.

JERUSA WINKLE.

Hough's is the place for plush goods.

We have given John Terns the agency in Ypsilanti for our Barley Malt Whisky. Distilled from malted barley it is rich and nutritious and free from all impurity. For the sick and feeble it is a true tonic. E. A. Chase & Co., distillers, Louisville, Ky. Dec.

Taxes—1888.

The Treasurer of the township of Ypsilanti will be at the grocery store of Arthur H. Smith on Fridays and Saturdays during December, to receive and receipt for the tax of the said township. G. W. CRANE, Treasurer.

EVERY DAY.

There is something remarkable, truly, in the exhibit; just think of it, every day without cessation a stream of current testimony to the surpassing merits of a good thing, which has proved itself to be a benefaction to mankind pours in. The testimony is strong, fresh, convincing, and is now being published to show the unabated popularity of the great remedy for pain St. Jacobs Oil. The latter is prompt, sure, permanent in effect and always worth its price.

Sappho Concert.

The ladies of the Sappho Club are practicing for a grand concert to be given in the month of March, the exact date not yet definitely settled. The program promises to afford several rich treats. There will be two waltz choruses from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and the charming little German legend of the sleeping beauty presented in "Brier Rose," but the rarest, most enjoyable of all will be the operetta, "King Rene's Daughter," by Hertz. It is founded on a very pretty little story said to be more truth than fiction.

In days of old, King Rene, of Spain, was at enmity with another royal family, and the only terms of peace that could be agreed upon embraced the condition that Rene should give his daughter in marriage to the son of his enemy, both being mere infants at the time of the truce.

Soon after this the king's palace burned, and the daughter, Iolanthe, was saved by being lowered from an upper window in a basket. Either through the fright or from some injury by the fire, she became blind. The famous physician, summoned by the king to examine the child, said that he could cure her, but that she must on no account know that she was different from other children until he was ready, and that on her sixteenth birthday, sight should be restored to her.

Thereupon King Rene secretly placed her in charge of two old servants in a beautiful castle, where the physician attended her. All who associated with her carefully abstained from any comparisons of color or form or anything which should lead her to miss her sight. The physician possessed an amulet which he placed upon her neck for an hour each day, during which time she would fall into a deep slumber, awakening greatly refreshed and strengthened. Years rolled on, and finally the eventful day on which she was to receive sight came. The physician told the king that he must now make known to Iolanthe the fact of her blindness, as she could not be cured unless she realized the lack of sight and desired it. The king was so tender hearted with regard to his loved daughter that he could not bear to pain her by disclosing her affliction; so he hastily passed from the apartments where she lay sleeping, the amulet having been placed upon her neck.

It was so arranged that admission to these rooms could only be gained by means of a secret door, so constructed as to faithfully imitate the stone-work of the wall. King Rene, in his anxiety and perturbation, passed through this door, and thoughtlessly left it open. The two old servants had gone to the vineyard, and thus the sleeping Iolanthe was left entirely alone.

It so chanced that Tristan, the young man to whom she was betrothed in fancy, and whom neither she nor her father had ever seen, was strolling around in that vicinity with his tutor, not suspecting that the castle he saw belonged to King Rene.

Of course, to make the story complete, Tristan found the secret door, entered, saw a maiden asleep, and was captivated by her great beauty. He gazed on her for a time, then seeing the amulet, took it as a remembrance of her loveliness. As usual, upon the removal of the amulet, Iolanthe awakened and spoke. Tristan replied, and thus the conversation opened. She was not shy; for she had never learned the meaning of fear; so she gaily welcomed Tristan and his tutor, invited them into the garden and gave them wine and grapes. Finally the young man asked her to give him a white rose as a keepsake. She assented, and stepping to a bush, plucked a red rose. This mistake on her part led to a conversation which disclosed her blindness both to herself and him.

Then Tristan and Geoffrey departed, and the king, physician, and servants returned. Iolanthe told them of her stranger guests, and revealed the fact that she had discovered her affliction. Then the physician took her away for the final operation which should restore her sight.

In the meantime, Tristan has dispatched a letter to King Rene, repudiating his daughter and declaring he will not marry her, for he loves another. Then gathering his followers, he goes to the enchanted castle again, to ask the hand of the maiden he loves. Entering, he meets the king, but does not know him, of course, until Geoffrey comes in and salutes him as his majesty, King Rene. By this time, matters have become ludicrously complicated, and Tristan finds himself suing for the hand of a maiden he has declared he will not marry.

Iolanthe settles the question by appearing, with her sight fully restored, and recognizing Tristan by his voice, goes directly to him, and they are once more betrothed, this time with the happy consent of both.

It is a charming story, beautifully told, with an exquisite musical setting, and will prove such a rare treat as even Ypsilanti, with all her musical and literary culture, seldom has the privilege of enjoying.

Buy your bibles at Hough's.

For Sale.

Brick Blocks on Congress street,
Houses and lots on Congress street,
" " " " Hamilton "
" " " " Croas "
" " " " Huron "
" " " " Forest Ave.
House and lot " Adams street.
" " " " Emmett "
" " " " Prospect "
" " " " River "

Also vacant lots in different parts of the city and houses to rent.
E. B. Morehouse.

You can get a good solid silver thimble at Hough's, for 25 cents.

Trim & McGregor will give away before Christmas 250 cloth-bound books.

Children's Dresses a specialty. Mrs. Emerson, Moorman Block.

Everything at Cook's Barber Shop on Congress street is new, except the razors. They are the same old keen-edged favorites.

NOW IS THE TIME
TO GET YOUR

Photographs

FOR CHRISTMAS.

C. E. COOPER, Artist,

Makes the best in the City at
REDUCED PRICES.Cloudy weather as good as
Sunshine.

Studio, Over Post Office.

Holiday Inducements

In making your holiday selections remember the many useful articles you can purchase at Mrs. Curtis', No. 6 Union Block.
We offer Best Fur Felt Hats for 15 cents, and Best Fur Felt Bonnets for \$1. Hand-some Trimmed Hats and Bonnets for \$2.50. Plushes and materials for fancy work at very

LOW FIGURES

Our Hoods, Tam O'Shanter's and Fascinators we are selling at reduced prices, as well as yarns, embroidery material of every description.

We have a quantity of ready-made fancy articles. Come, examine our goods and buy Useful and Beautiful Xmas Presents. No. 6 Union Block.

E. M. Curtis

Santa Claus & Frank Smith

Are on hand again, with the largest stock they ever had of beautiful and useful articles for the Holidays. There's not room here to tell the kinds of goods to be found there. Most of our readers know something of it, those who do not will be wise if they go to the emporium and look over the stock before deciding on their Holiday gifts. Special attention should be called to the stock of Albums, Jewelry, Picture Frames, Plush Goods of all kinds, Toys, Teacher's and Family Bibles, Books of all kinds, Christmas Cards and Booklets, Fine Confectionery and Christmas tree Decorations. You can save money by subscribing for Papers and Magazines at the EMPORIUM. Go early and often, the proprietor will be happy to see you.

Santa Claus & Frank Smith.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

S. H. DODGE,
JEWELER.

THE Largest and Finest Assortment of Rich and Elegant Goods ever shown in the county. We buy our goods exclusively for cash, and having had many years' experience, are enabled to compete in prices, quality being equal, with any house in the state.

An Inspection
Solicited.

Seeing is Believing.

Bargains for the Holiday Trade!

-AT:-

W. H. SWEET'S.

Special Bargains will be offered in fine Dress Goods during December. Our stock of Fancy Goods is Very Complete. Silk handkerchiefs, silk and cashmere mufflers, fancy linen handkerchiefs, Etc. A fine plush cloak makes a nice Xmas present, and our stock is complete in all sizes and at Bottom Prices. Newmarkets and Plush Jackets.

Millinery Department!

Will offer Fine Hats Cheap.

CHRISTMAS BOX FREE

FOR YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS.

Commencing Monday, Dec. 10th and continuing until Christmas, we will give our patrons, Absolutely Free, no lottery scheme, their choice of 250 cloth bound books. These publications are the works of the popular authors of the day, and are our Xmas offerings to our customers, through whom we have enjoyed a prosperous year in trade.

TRIM & MCGREGOR.

BEE HIVE, 2 UNION BLOCK.

A bright and fresh stock of

Fruits, Confectionery, Etc.,

Selected expressly for the Holiday trade,
don't fail to call at

WASHBURN'S 29 Congress, St.,

—AND BUY—

Malaga Grapes, Chip Candies,
Florida Oranges, Pan Candies,
Figs, Dates, Fruit Candies,
Bon Bons, Cream Candies,
Nuts, etc., Chocolates,
Fancy Boxes, etc.

A Hot Lunch!

Where a lady or gentleman can enjoy the luxury of a cup of Hot Coffee or a dish of Hot Frankforts,
Boneless Ham Sandwich,
Boiled Eggs,
Oysters as you like.

In fact Luxuries of the season EVERY WEEK, Fresh, Neat and Desirable.

The choicest and best line of
Smokers' Goods.